

11-1992

## BLISS

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### Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "BLISS" (1992). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 433.  
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**BLISS**

*for Charlotte*

**A cup  
would be enough**

**it isn't  
is it**

**anything purports  
to contain**

**even the sky  
is suspicious**

**this is the last  
transmission**

**jumpstart  
a blank road**

**stones  
in some row**

**circle  
is our loudest**

**music mist  
over her plain**

**how much  
to mean**

**to dare  
geese over houses**

**they buy fruit  
to leave**

**in their lover's  
fridge the fall**

**was something**

like this

something bought  
not eaten

left to turn  
in the dark

2.

did he love her  
for nectarines

comely squashes  
swampy colored

did he smile  
into the freezer

because her chosen  
frozen mocha hid

oreo-cumbered  
against any lesser

loves the ants  
of his house

know plenty  
the women at the door

are enthusiastic  
for a gospel he

can't even  
see so busy he is

with wanting her  
the eater

of such sweets the  
drunkard of his

ecstasy expressed  
all he wants

is to be her wine  
the oboes

of Berlioz  
remember a sadness

previous to any  
actual experience

a grief in going  
purely o

touch me  
the world is always

3.

Recusant hours  
but he comes

lime wall  
pit digged

to receive  
enemy earth

earth prey  
this body

heart  
yield

as by trench  
irrigate or relieve

a philosophic powder  
stronger than war

this is the key

the juice or sap

halting from the flower  
to stoop

to one of yours  
in stone

displayed o marbres  
d'Aragon or force

a fiercer tawny  
topaz you

specify  
color alone

dissolving spring  
are they ramsons

some heard  
under bass or

horn my shivaree  
do a lot to me

a lot of little  
understandings

I want to feel  
your invention

mirror of color  
formally acute

even a fingertip  
entering a valve

muffled cry  
shinai or shawm

double vibrate  
in tickled lips

lead this only  
these

a breast to sleep on  
infant afternoons

a preacher  
shouting inside a ripe fig.

4.

Having listened to  
everything heard herself

because of you  
my branch

because we tree  
we stand

in us  
by the war

memorial haze  
to hear in each

red leaf remembering  
life is nude

in the pure speculum  
of consequences

a thank  
is not so sere

to offer this  
unremembering absolute

in breeze you come

as us

I wait inside us  
for the ordinary

by the town hall  
a green bus

clouds abrogate the glare  
we dare

alchemic speculation  
you I dare to tell

the final truth  
appearances

no part in part  
no mechanic fret

ros lunae  
or midnight dew

ignis sciens  
gumption of the wise.

5.

How many  
have I peopled

beings questions  
from the root

a purity  
hot rain this jungle calm

an orange  
cut in half

some night before

the little drying out

of its moist aggregates  
segments of a geometry

a little shrinking  
from plump truth

map of how it is  
to be here

on the low table  
at the Virgin's knee

her eyes  
are elsewhere

vexed art  
to weird our watches

all through the night  
to taste

the moon  
interrogate

eccentric planets  
tell a child's

skin from his mother's  
made him

and call that science  
vanity of the natural

I'm afraid again  
you need me out loud

the clock  
my only landscape

night stifled  
but we spoke



**garnet  
I think we meant**

**lucid afterglow  
cyprian haunches**

**turned from the door  
morning part**

**news of to stay  
launch a city**

**into this business of again  
I feel slipping in me**

**distancing  
and what I do**

**this natural revulsion  
called tryst**

**and by its boat  
we barrier**

**and by its barter weave  
insolent destinations**

**among all too proxy  
close the stars.**

**6.**

**Things that live in grass  
not pasture and not wolf**

**but it's pasture  
in the far sign go**

**measuring a centaur's  
double knowledge**

**and a hard hoof**

**we turn out after all**

**to be about going  
"mysterious**

**as everybody else"  
a wonder**

**your questions  
got inside me**

**hope has a way  
of inference**

**love a way of drying  
bold flowers into stable autumn values**

**a newspaper  
entirely quadrivial**

**night-watching  
splendent mirror talk**

**we understand by opposites  
you left my right**

**thin rain  
the discerptible**

**the sea  
is falling apart**

**its consituent memories  
itemize concrete new-laid**

**with stipple soon continuous  
the drops**

**from the heart rise  
an incredible candor**

**to seek a transpersonal destiny  
beyond the roof of your head**

**springs it  
on high**

**lamp leap this arrowing whiteness  
heart-of-sky**

**a letter  
from everything it's ever been.**

**7.**

**In a woman's own  
house she sleeps**

**perfectly the dawn  
understanding light**

**hocus pocus  
with thin curtains**

**till day is there  
indeterminate**

**a grape plucked  
from a sleepy bunch**

**day after day  
this same sweet bed**

**dateline from battlefield  
incorrigible analyst**

**these facts are served  
and in mahogany**

**a vision  
and Empire's end**

**to come again  
the fans of war**

it is you  
wakes him in me

emperor till the end  
a nobleman and thief

one does what can  
be corporal

amend our island  
I am honeycombed with losing

only a year  
in the filigree of shade

an average skin  
a so-so autumn day.

8.

One after mirror  
mount cloud

in the valley close  
furnished with despair

cloud ceremony  
on low mountains

that the tale  
is a question

isn't it  
all midnights

after answers  
all the arms are

the more it rains  
the more

adequate occasion  
"very unique" hard

imagining  
why I was so dumb say

as to say celebrate  
some other liturgy

work of the bed  
imagine it three

funiculars to the top  
Mont Blanc

between three and two  
you enter Italy

then the small ascension  
no bigger than

a family  
over a sea of crevasses

goes silent  
into what is seen.

9.

From the bowels of the temple lifted  
the smaller veil of intimate feeling

and we were naked before the god  
secret baptists up a Kentucky hollow

in the coal counties east of the sun  
and no horse can tolerate the green air

no horse but one and we ride

the pale each other through breathy trees.

10.

The closest to rain this dry time  
dissolves mist now in light

my cold hands  
wait for you to wake

these are dispersions  
winter everyone expects

ski magic Tuscan cordial  
Murano glass that waits for me

to wake  
the calendar

bed of water  
sleep of sail

who are you  
scarlet friend

whose body  
do I inherit

from the world of doubt  
just before dark

another valley showed  
clear before us

north before we fell  
among hemlocks

dinner hour  
on nearby planets

I heart your hand  
remembering an epergne

full of fruits arranged  
suspiciously like landscape

Joos Van Cleve again  
here is the mountain here

the valley of melon slices  
tumult of blue grapes

year after year  
risk each other.

11.

Saying is so what isn't  
who is always running his hand

over promising furrows  
in whose ground

thumbing the friable  
against his palm

crying like a bird  
Is this you? Is this you?

fragrant acacia  
wood ark unsealed

between wings  
repose

only a question  
but a gold one one

smelling of ambre and the dark  
here

is the mountain maybe  
the tongue of larks

as if music too  
counted her ear-rings

before an impossible departure  
into a far continent

to hear by piercing  
the sea

this hole is called an *island*  
we linger

to understand  
ourselves when there is at last

nowhere but ourselves  
to go

patient for outflow's  
end anxious for elm

telling this over  
a bard among

hazels  
clearing her eyes

limited lightning  
transmissions silk

soaked in oil imagine  
a dimmer earth

over Neptune  
precisely invisible

as a blue heart would  
in the forest

of elsewhere



**a cavalier**

**nibbling on the ferrule of his lance  
Splendor Solis**

**this was called  
a book open to the sun.**

**12.**

**Should investigate  
solvents**

**alcohol ether acetone  
what can dissolve**

**the other  
weather**

**Lenox and leaving  
or seeming to**

**how ordinary a measure  
as a bus dissever.**

**13.**

**I am two  
hundred years old**

**a linden tree  
grows out of my mouth**

**every day  
is valley times**

**and the blue tea  
turns in my hands**

**into that oil of light**

I knead you with

caress you bliss  
you happenstance of blonde

you ardor order  
you supreme you "cellophane"

queen of the Elizabeths  
my archipelago you flow

up the out stairs  
in warm light

audacity of love  
immeasured by burgoyne roses

a stroke of witness  
consumes your stare

wood wed  
journey to the Fact.

14.

Name it  
till the table

drinks the knife  
the deaths

are copper  
the deaths are malachite

snug in the bleak  
of schyst this mica is

an alphabet  
of departures

these roses last sunlight  
cracked tortoise shell

room to move in  
open on a warm light

cat stretched  
along my belly chest

its face  
abrupt my chin

saying that musical  
nothing they say

from which an answer  
comes back as you.

15.

I don't know what to tell  
the world is glass

I think the bliss  
dissolves upward into the previous condition

to which all roads insist  
a color is permission

god scale on the risen tide  
succinct of marvels

a corpse at the door  
remember the simple blessing yellow rice

in the auguries of your eyes  
I saw once all mystery unravel

I looked down into your skies  
and said *This is the place for me*

there is no bell

**no limit to union**

**nothing answers  
but it answers**

**trumpets and clarinets  
preposterous militancy of song**

**not know  
enough to go**

**as if music could release me from  
the spell of my attachment to**

**all such blue distant cargo  
by suddenly stopping**

**coastal shipping  
cluttering blue attic**

**go deep upstairs  
in the grain of our wood.**

**16.**

**Can it come again  
the momentary certainty**

**this conviction  
gull catch fish**

**open mouth  
never doubt**

**the autumn was still fresh a mist of sorts  
over your prophetic mountains**

**this hill  
be home**

**my Dordogne entrances**

surveyed

in straw they destine me  
in bottle dark

that garnet electuary  
makes you "just a little drunk"

whereas a native  
of those old rocks I am

false fine courteous alas  
by love one day be tamed

a shepherd hoisted  
from his talky valleys

nightmare of abandonment  
they flee from me

that sometime  
were all my time

and I have leave  
to work my spells

on some other auburn  
autumn o do not go

bliss  
is always motion

whereby a ball  
declines to roll

this wheel won't run  
because of rule

because of you  
wait in lucid bliss

called "missing  
you" the way a heart

continues to express  
the burgundy river

no matter what the mood  
as from that muscle risen

(rising) out  
of the central mystery

(Wall of the Insane Woodworker,  
Seventh Column, Piece of Water,

Diamond Elevator, Queen of Topknots,  
Naked Arrow, How Far is Up

shoots out of the top of the head  
I shout to you

no going whatever we  
are one place.

17.

When you warm my hands on this  
remember the monument

doesn't remember the stone  
doesn't remember the street

doesn't remember the hands  
roughed this out of mind.

18.

Of course there are measures  
deer fleeing into the woods

or midnight raccoon passing  
I turned back to watch it

but saw the shapely outline  
of a tall person crossing

the road in the clue of midnight  
starlight we children

of Orion it is a standing  
that we do a shadow

a forest of particulars  
time and again the

vanishing  
to pronounce

our eyes alike  
the breath is an island

in which words grow  
old and finally make sense

finally someone comes  
it is home then

the color of your eyes  
imagining the other side of time

the subtle dance  
where going becomes coming

who was crossing  
the road no animal

no wife a shadow  
born of shadows.

19.

Write it write it a word  
on a tree

***back to me***  
**writ on a leaf**

**and signed *September***  
**we are going**

**into the going**  
**and all it needs**

**to stay alone**  
**the night**

**listen**  
**to the *xul*-animal**

**evading outside**  
**your guesses at identity**

**the children**  
**of the moon**

**descant their madrigal**  
**my arteries**

**seize this opportunity**  
**to importune**

**write it the rock**  
**is transiency**

**the torch of the *xul*-animal**  
**awakens some sympathy**

**in the rat nest of the abandoned**  
**a relentless mercy of the mind**

**interrogates my mirror**  
**suddenly fragrant**

**the bread of light**  
**tells you to eat.**



20.

Meeting in the core  
because a Roman

answered  
the meekest night

babbling Lesbia Clodia Lydia  
pulcher pulcherrima all

that sweet boloney  
near Sirmio I waded

in the brittle pool your face  
remembered me sudden

a smile among colleagues  
under the sheets

in bed emulsion  
even-unioned

name of a mountain  
I borrow my mouth.

21.

[Charlotte translating the *Aeneid*]

How much you knew of the old book  
where upriver the fronds hung low

over the descending yet hardly moving tawny  
river from the springs of long affection

this water knows  
you saw beside the shimmering

far back in the beech woods  
where word becomes flesh

not once not just once  
over and over again until the world

just as we say it  
and we with little effort

(for you were reading  
the old Ausonian book

upstream into Shawmut  
upstream into my hunger)

for you were carrying us  
into the golden Saturn landsat shimmer

of cities that would come and go with us  
hardly daring even to be

everything said  
becomes flesh

we world  
and the pale wild pigs

played and snuffled  
anxious for beech mast

a place  
consenting to be.

22.

Someone else's  
become land

old orchard  
scratch of thorn apple

gouge at eye  
against this

magic going  
why magic? a light

inside the stone  
shows the way.

Dark going  
downhill.

Fern.  
A thousand

seedlings of such pine.  
And by the flat rock

armored  
in the presence of a choric god

make offerings  
to any wall

a wall  
is wise.

Now after all that  
our crows contend

the silence  
you keep in woods

should be kept forever  
after about

them.  
Do not read this page.

23.

Is this a word  
say it

**the page is blank  
I read**

**like a goat  
nibbling chanterelles**

**the roadside  
is Paradise**

**the letters  
specify the same**

**a fish  
in the gloaming**

**rises  
to the white**

**fate,  
the ruler**

**of such a country  
wears a sad**

**green crown,  
something torn**

**around the edges.  
Eyes. Eyes.**

**That was a Grail. Another destiny was the small objection, like  
a window set in limestone, lepers look through it at an  
untastable sacrament. This mass. These restrictions forgive  
me.**

**A merchant with his stock of wine, a far-off dog complaining.  
Come with me, the road is hard. Yellow remembrance litters the  
sky.**

What won't  
yet does

neither answer  
nor question

but complete  
like a fish

say a wall  
in France

a dog  
a dog

I have never  
till now

stood in me  
barking

the clamor road  
uneasy sun

old books unread  
certain fathoms

in your sea  
I am translated

that's all the poetry  
I know

dapper prose  
of calendars

branchwise  
a chickadee.

**The list  
of things**

**Loires we must chateau  
the moats**

**the battue  
of dead rabbits**

**the merciless  
trees**

**advancing geometry  
the Regular**

**I will not give  
in ever**

**never the names  
alone**

**we will remember  
the arguments of light.**

**26.**

**In the deed  
was a conviction**

**in all my confusion  
there was nothing to see**

**there was a city  
held us apart**

**we met there  
in the blue of rain**

**in another country  
permanently here**

**commonwealth waiting**

**in the dark of need**

**where you lived  
in sea trough and wave hurry**

**knew me  
where the world was.**

**1992**